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OUR HIDDEN WEALTH.

The Observations of a Tourist Through This Section.
Dr. G. M. Ockford, of Lexington, just returned from a trip to the mountains of Southeastern Kentucky, says:

"It is one of the richest it has been my lot to visit. I have visited the coal fields of Pennsylvania, been down among the mineral resources of other sections, but in no place have I ever seen such surface indications of mineral wealth as in the Kentucky mountains.

"There are valuable deposits of iron ore in Estill and Menifee counties. The old Estill furnace, which was built in 1831, is still operated, and its products in constant demand for car wheels. It produces a superior quality of iron, and, although it costs \$2 per ton to move it eleven miles to the railroad, at Clay City, yet the industry is a paying one.

"From the Kentucky Union Junction the rate to Lexington is 75 cents per ton, and to Louisville \$1.00 per ton. Under such circumstances, a direct road to the mines would enable the iron to be placed in Lexington at a much less rate than the cost of putting on the cars.

"There is a good vein of bituminous coal, which crops out at Beattyville, on the Kentucky river, and extends through Lee and Wolfe counties, appearing in thick veins near the headwaters of the Middle Fork of Red river. The veins at this point are nearly five feet in thickness. It appears to be the same vein of coal which extends all through these hills, and is a very high grade of coal. As we near Breathitt county we find veins of cannel coal, which extend as far southward as the Cumberland mountains. The veins in Breathitt vary from twenty-two inches in thickness, and some veins further south measure upwards of eight feet.

"There is no way to transport it. There are no good wagon roads in that section, and the only method of travel is by horseback or ox cart. Both of these are decidedly too slow for this century and the coal interests can never be thoroughly worked until railway transportation is provided.

"There is a mine thirteen miles South of Jackson and it is from a vein thirteen inches thick, seventeen of which is cannel, seventeen splint and three inches bituminous. Now, all these coals are good. The splint can readily be lighted with a match, and makes a first-class grate fuel. The bituminous is hardly as good as the Lee and Wolfe county coal, but still is equal to most of the Kentucky coal sold in this market. The cannel is the only portion sent to the market, the splint not worth the cost of transportation. The mine is situated two miles from the river bank, and this two miles, carriage has to be done with oxen over a rough road. Then after getting to the river, frequently time is consumed waiting for high water, for there are shoals in the North Fork that prevent boats loaded heavily passing down when the water is low. Before railroads were built, numerous mines were worked all along the Kentucky river, and its precarious navigation was not considered to be seriously objectionable. But, as other coal districts became connected with railroad systems, the river route was discontinued and gradually abandoned.

"Near the river banks the forests have been materially thinned out, but back in the interior forests exist in almost their virgin denseness. There is a fine tract of white pine extending from Powell, through Wolfe, into Menifee. It contains 70,000 acres, and is of immense value, being the only tract of white pine found in the United States South of Michigan, and you know the Northwest is being denuded of its forests rapidly. In Breathitt and the counties south there is considerable walnut and a grand lot of poplar, ash and other mountain timber. Of course, I did not examine all the timber critically, but I saw enough to convince me that it is decidedly valuable. Another thing that is often overlooked is the valuable salt beds in Clay and other counties. There was a time when the Manchester salt works supplied this market, but the time has gone by when a merchant could get on his horse and ride two or three hundred miles for a bag of salt, and consequently the salt interests all declined.

"The valleys and bottom lands are extremely fertile, and even the mountain sides and tops have in many places a good, deep soil. The country has never been taxed, for all the inhabitants care to raise is sufficient for home consumption. There is no way to get out of most of the mountain valleys save on foot or in the saddle, and neither of these methods is very satisfactory in moving surplus farm produce. The crying want of the country is efficient means of transportation, and with these once established, Southeastern Kentucky will rival the farming counties of the State in the profusion of its productions, and surpass many sections that are now considered superior in their resources."

THE WORLD'S SILVER.

The Circulation of Which the National Banks Are Trying to Jeopardize.

The Director of the United States Mint estimates the coined silver circulation of the world at \$3,112,000,000. More than half the human family have no other money! The annual silver production of the world is \$117,500,000, of which \$36,500,000 is converted into coin, the balance is used in the arts. The silver products of this country is about \$5,000,000 are converted into articles of utility and ornament.

It is estimated that about one-twentieth of the silver coin is annually lost by abrasion, wear and casualties; an amount in excess of the annual addition by coinage. The world is not likely, therefore, to be deluged with silver. The United States produces \$50,000,000 of the \$117,500,000 of silver, of which one-half we convert into coin.

What a grand harvest our National banks would have if the coinage of silver was suspended and they were allowed to substitute their debts to fill the vacuum! It is said that the Sub-Treasurer at New York is an enthusiastic advocate of the scheme to transfer the silver bullion market from London to New York by dealing in it as other commodities, and making bullion certificates the basis of financial speculation. Of course by the suspension of silver coinage the speedy demonetization of the metal would soon follow. We denounce the conspiracy of capitalists to drive silver money from circulation as a high crime. Ours is the principal silver-producing country of the world, and its chief value consists in its being converted into coin, yet bankers and money-lenders are intent upon destroying this great source of wealth and instrument of exchange.

To secure the co-operation of those engaged in agriculture these conspirators refer to the fact that the price of wheat is regulated by the bullion value of silver. That as silver declines in price, wheat declines in corresponding ratio. If this is true, what will be the effect upon the wheat market if silver is demonetized and this metal is left to the bulls and bears to deal in as in other commodities? Of course its price will be merely nominal, gold being the only standard.

Why are our granaries filled with wheat, commanding a price less than the cost of production? Why have we no foreign market for our cereals? England, once a large buyer, gets her supply now from India. Silver is the only money in India. England buys up our silver bullion at 70 per cent in gold, coins it into the money of India and pays out at 100 per cent for wheat. This is the reason why the American wheat rises or falls with the bullion price of silver. If silver was demonetized, its coinage suspended and bullion certificates left to the tender mercies of bankers, with Ex-Secretary MAXWELL as their chief, the price of American wheat would be still less in a foreign market unless silver is demonetized in India, which is not likely to occur.

On the other hand, if our Government would establish the unlimited coinage of silver England would have to pay per value for our bullion, and pay per value for grain in India, which would enable our farmers to compete with India in the wheat markets of Europe. It is then clearly to the interests of American farmers that silver should be appreciated in price relatively to gold, which can only be done by its unlimited coinage.

We admire the cunning and shrewdness of England's financiering. She makes gold the only standard, renders

silver a cheap commodity, converts it into the money of India and then gathers up the breadstuffs in a depreciated coin at par. If the bullion gamblers of London can transfer to New York City, and still further, depreciate the bullion value of silver, destroy its use as money, they can close the markets of Europe against our cotton and breadstuffs, gather their supplies from their own dependencies, at a reduced cost, and pay for them in a depreciated coin. Will the American people be guilty of the supreme folly of furthering the designs of the money lords of England and of our own country who are confederating together to rob the producing classes of all countries?

The only way to defeat the robbers is for the United States to maintain its bimetallic standard, and coin without limitation or restriction both gold and silver.

If the three billions of silver coin were stricken from the world's circulation medium, what havoc and desolation would follow! All property, real and personal, would depreciate in price more than one-half, the limbs of labor would be paralyzed, destitution and starvation would be the portion of the working classes, and bankruptcy overtake all men of enterprise. The holders of gold and bankers would gorge themselves with the wealth of the world. To the extent that our American financiers are allowed to carry out their plan these disasters will be invoked. A great banker in New York says he sees no reason why silver should not be bought and sold like grain and oil.

We see a thousand reasons why silver should not be made a mere article of merchandise, and we are assured that it can not be accomplished in any other way but by suspending its coinage and forcing its demonetization. One of the thousand reasons is, we believe, sufficient to array the people against the villainous design. With all this silver and gold which is available for coinage, the world's supply of money is inadequate of the needs of our rapidly increasing trade and commerce. If we have too much of either coin to suit the convenience of the people in their small daily transactions, the Government issue certificates upon the deposit of coin, which, with Treasury notes, will constitute an ample, safe and reliable circulating medium, without the aid of interest-bearing bankers' debts.

National bankers wish to supply their paper based upon the credit of the Government in place of silver and silver certificates. To make up any deficiency in the circulation by reason of a dearth of coin and coin certificates we demand that the Government shall issue its own notes, based upon its own credit, without the intervention of bankers. Secretary Chase, after deploring his agency in creating our banking system, predicted a terrible conflict in the future between the people and the banks.

The National Banks have commenced hostilities by making an assault upon silver coin, the money of the masses. We hope the people will be prepared to meet the enemy on their chosen field of battle—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Trouble Ahead.

When the appetite fails, and sleep grows restless and unrefreshing, there is trouble ahead. The digestive organs, when healthy, crave food, the nervous system, when vigorous and tranquil, gives its possessor an unobtrusive alacrity. A tonic to be effective, should not be a mere appetizer, nor are the nerves to be strengthened and soothed by the unaided action of a sedative or a narcotic. What is required is a medicine which invigorates the stomach, and promotes assimilation of food by the system, by which means the nervous system, as well as other parts of the physical organism, are strengthened. These are the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine whose reputation is founded firmly in public confidence, and which physicians commend for its tonic, anti-bilious and other properties. It is used with the best results in fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and uterine weakness, and other maladies.

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BLOODY ROWAN.

Two More Killings Added to Her Criminal Calendar.

Another "little shootin' scrape" took place in Rowan county Tuesday, about three miles west of Morehead, in which only two men were killed and one dangerously wounded. The facts we have been able to gather them are these: W. H. W. Logan and Jackson Logan, (sons of Dr. Henry Logan, who is now in the Lexington jail charged with conspiracy to kill, etc.), Coon Logan, John Pignam and Nathan Fowles were charged with kluksing, and a warrant of arrest had been issued against them for this crime upon the affidavit of Hiram Cooper, who says they had given him a written notice to decamp. John Mannin, Marshal of Morehead, Mr. Hogg, Deputy Sheriff of Rowan, and posse went to make the arrest. They went to the home of the two first named Logans and finding them driving in their horses from the pasture, they made known their business, when the Logans ran into the house and went up stairs. The Marshal, Sheriff and posse went to the house and asked them to come down and surrender, but they refused to do it. Then Marshal Mannin said he would go up and get them, and started. He got as far as the foot of the stairway, when he was greeted by a load of buck-shot, which took effect in his left shoulder, inflicting serious if not fatal wound. Mannin returned to his crowd one of whom then lighted some straw or shavings and threatened to burn the house if they did not come down. This scared the Logan boys (W. H. W. and Jackson) and they made a break for liberty, shooting at the Marshal, Sheriff and guards as they ran, when the whole posse fired and literally riddled them with balls and buck-shot. There were at least fifty shots fired.

Mannin, the Marshal, is a new-comer in Morehead, and has never figured in any factious difficulties. Craig Tolliver was his opponent in the race for Marshal. Cooper, who swore out the warrants of arrest, and the parties against whom they were issued, have been identified and in sympathy with the Martin-Humphrey-Logan Traffic, "through-bills-travelers" seems to have had in connection with the factional strife and bloodshed in Rowan that has long been a disgrace to the State.—Sentinel Democrat.

MASONIC TEMPLE, MT. STERLING, KY.

And the Thousands of Things There Sold So Cheap by D. B. Garrison.

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

COOPER & BACK, Publishers.

HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

TO MY WIFE.

Lacy, don't you hear the voice, gentle voice in the air?

Like a dream of a plume, like the pining of a prayer.

Like a song of singers dead, faded a dream of beauty dead.

When we can not quite remember what the angel vision said?

Oh, the voices of the Yesterdays! Time's melody choir.

With the twilight singing minor and the dawn singing air.

And their brows with garlands bound, and a million golden minutes strown like grain upon the ground.

Ah, they must be up the river, and it can't be a dream.

For the tide is flowing soft, my love, is blow in down the stream.

And is waiting to your ears, what your wife's spirit hears.

Till the past grows dim and dimmer through the mist of many years.

And a little time in white seems to rise beyond the rain.

And a little hand to beckon and a little voice complain.

To your heart a moment pressed.

Then away to be a moment pressed.

And to rise among the Angels in the garden of the West.

For the little infant spirit that a brighter angel bore.

A dark angel challenged at the threshold of the door.

And he bade it back again.

As returns the morning rain.

To the heaven o'er the mountain and the glory o'er the main.

In his arms the angels clasped her, and as he turned and smiled.

He reached you there, the mother of a sinless angel child.

Ah, the beauty that she wore, home so softly on her hair.

Just to learn the Heaven for "welcome" to that bright and blessed shore!

But, Lacy, (will be by and by, when June has followed June).

And many a sad December night has played a solemn tune;

When the snow upon your hair, forgets to melt and lingers there.

And form so frail and faded trembles in the old arm-chair.

Then here's my hand, my dearest; we'll travel on together.

In days both clear and cloudy, in rade and rainy weather;

Till the winter at the last, shall the shadows eastward cast.

Our lives and loves forever shall be blest with the Past.

—Bessie P. Taylor.

HELEN LAKEMAN;

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MURKIN.

AUTHOR OF "THE BAKER OF BEDFORD," "WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Did you never see a bird with a crippled wing, and see how the poor little thing tried to fly, and could not?"

"This child, good as he is, holds down that girl. Every cent she makes goes to support herself and the child."

The breakfast bell rang, and Pete did not complete his sentence.

That morning Warren noticed that the eyes of the hired girl, who was sacrificing herself for her crippled brother, were very large and blue, and her forehead was broad and high, and her features were regular. She was neat and tidy, and did not look at all like the sloven kitchen girls he had seen. Her hair was golden and neatly gathered in a net. There was a sweet sadness upon her face, which touched him not a little, when he remembered that all her earnings barely supported herself and her brother.

CHAPTER II.

AT CHURCH—THE MONDAY MORNING.

Warren Stuart regarded the girl as a commonplace mortal, and yet there was something a little more than commonplace about her. He seldom saw her, save at mealtime, when she came in to wait upon the table. She knew a servant's place, and kept it. She was modest almost to shyness, and seldom spoke, never unless compelled to do so. Commonplace as he supposed her to be, he frequently thought he discerned a poetic sadness in the large, dark blue eyes, as she stood like one in a reverie. The kitchen was at Stuart's was no very small matter, and it required all her time and energy to accomplish her part. She was nearly always busy, and frequently when he saw that sad worn face, and tired little form, he felt a sympathy for her.

One evening after the day's work was done, he was passing the kitchen where Helen would insist on staying, and heard her engaged in an animated conversation with her brother. It was a simple conversation such as a child might understand about Heaven. Little Amos was asking his sister if he should be relieved of his infirmities there, and whether or not he would see his mother and father. The answers of the girl were brief and simple, saying the little cripple that he would suffer no pain there, and would meet those who had gone before. Simple and commonplace as the conversation was, it had something about it which affected Warren.

It was Warren's intention to remain at home during the summer, and early in the fall seek a location to enter into the practice of his profession. It was now the busy season for farmers, and he did not meet many of his former friends and acquaintances. The second Sunday after his return was the day for preaching in the Sandy Fork school-house. The Methodist had taken this in one of their brother, and sent Rev. Allen Blaze, a famous "gospel pounder" to preach there once a month. The school-house was about three-fourths of a mile from Mr. Stuart's and down the creek known as Sandy Fork. It was well hidden in the trees and the road to it led through a forest. The new preacher was very popular and his audiences were always large. Unfortunately the school-house failed to hold them and many stood outside at the door and windows.

Peter Blair, the peddler, had been his rounds and "dropped in" at the Stuart's the night before the Sunday on which Mr. Blaze was to preach.

"You'd better go hear him," said Peter to Warren. "He's a regular stormer. I tell you. He can make things blaze, too. His sermons are all wind, but he'll carry you out to sea."

You can hear one on Sunday, and it'll keep a ringin' through your ears all the rest of the week just like one time at a dance. Besides, some-

times he fairly lifts a feller out o' his boots. He raises you so high you can most get a bird's-eye view o' the New Jerusalem."

Warren consented to go, and the next morning the horses were hitched to the wagon, himself, his father and mother and sister got in and drove off to the school-house. The other two boys went on horseback, preferring a gallop through the woods to the case and comfort of any wagon or carriage.

"Why, hello, Warren, how are you?" said Mr. Arnold, the moment he alighted from the wagon in front of the school-house. Mr. Arnold dropped the stick on which he was whittling to take Warren's hand. He was a man a little over medium height, somewhat slender, with sandy hair and whiskers, which were only on his chin, and cropped short.

"I suppose you have come back among as a full-fledged doctor?" he went on to say.

"That remains to be seen, Mr. Arnold," said Warren.

He was now surrounded by the old men and young men of the neighborhood, each extending to him a kindly greeting.

Warren was a sort of favorite in the neighborhood, and all were glad to see him back. Mrs. Arnold, and even her daughter, Miss Helen, a sprightly little creature with a somewhat droll complexion and hair, and a face considerably freckled, came to him and insisted so earnestly that he should go home with them for dinner that he could not refuse. There was to be preaching at night and he could go home with his parents then, so after the sermon was over he got into Mr. Arnold's carriage and sat down by the side of Miss Hallie, whom he had known since childhood. Miss Hallie did her best in her shallow way to entertain him, but a conversation on lemons and dress has but little attraction for a young man whose clothes still have the college smell upon them.

The sermon at night was far more impressive to our hero than the one in the morning. Mr. Blaze (old Blaze, his name was not called) took his text from Matthew the XXV. and forthwith said: "And the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

His theme was charity, and every word seemed like an arrow sent home to Warren's heart. When he alluded to "the least of these," the youth thought of poor little Amos, crippled and helpless, and there seemed to arise above the minister a mist, which took the shape of an angel, the face of which was Helen's. He alluded to the sacrifice made by some noble women of the earth whose names were now known not to fame, but inscribed in Heaven, and whose crown would be brightest

there. The sermon from beginning to end seemed inspired by the acts of heroic self-sacrifice of that girl. Mr. Blaze did not know that there was such a person in existence, yet, to use one of Peddler Pete's characteristic expressions, his cloth was cut for any measure.

Why had he not before noticed that this real heroine was wasting her life for her little brother, and sought that came to Warren's mind; "I will see my father and mother about it."

When preaching was over Mr. Blaze and his wife consented to go home with Mr. Stuart, and Peddler Pete being there, the wagon was full without Warren.

"Never mind me, father," he said, "I've only a cold walk and the moon shines brightly."

The truth is, our young doctor preferred to walk alone, that he might the better digest the discourse he had heard.

He tried to walk in his stead, but he would not hear to it, and the wagon rolled on with its human freight, leaving Warren a-foot and alone. He started briskly down the wooded road, but had gone only a short distance when he almost ran against some one who was tripping lightly along before him.

"Excuse me," he said. There was a slight acceptance of the apology, and the slight form drew back in the dark path for the form to pass.

"It is so dark here?" said Warren.

"Very dark, Mr. Stuart," responded a voice, sweetly.

"I beg pardon, but is not this Helen?"

"It is, sir," was the timid response.

"Were you at church?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you now on your way home alone?"

"Yes, sir, but I don't mind it. I am not afraid and the walk is pleasant."

"But you shall not go alone, Helen; I will be your escort."

"Oh, if you please, sir, I am not afraid," the girl said, timidly.

"The moon shines brightly, and I do not want to trouble you."

"Nonsense, Helen, it's no trouble to follow me," he said, laughing, and he took her arm as if she were some great lady.

They walked on and began to talk about the sermon. Warren could not but be struck by the deep earnestness of the conversation with the daughter of Hallock Arnold. As the thicket left her she began to converse with a knowledge surprising in a hired girl. Where had she learned so much? Was the question our hero asked himself. As they came into a more open part of the road the moon shined brightly, and he saw that the girl, how lovely it looked. The large blue eyes were dark and brilliant. The uncombed hair was ringlets of gold, and the form, neatly, but not grandly, attired, was beautiful.

They were just in the midst of an animated conversation upon the sermon, when the moon's rays revealed the real loveliness of Helen Lakeman. Warren Arnold never had forgotten, and we are assured he never will forget, that moonlight walk. He may have had other happy moments in his life, but this, the first dawn of a true love, was the happiest moment of his existence.

He asked Helen why she did not go to church in the forenoon, and she answered that having to get dinner she did not have time. She only got an opportunity to steal away and hear the end of that after she had done her day's work and put little Amos to bed.

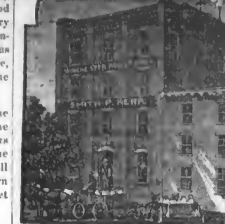
"But why did you not go with mother and sister in the carriage?"

She made no answer to this and Warren bit his lip. There was room for the minister, his wife, and even Peddler Pete, but this girl, who was an angel on earth, after talking all day Sunday, was compelled to walk a mile and a half to church. The neglect of his parents, however, had given him the blessed privilege of Helen's company, and he had discovered how precious she was to him.

He did not attempt to record their conversation. It was not of love, but love itself. Both knew it, both felt, yet both struggled against it. The old

farm-house was reached too soon, and he could not tell Helen much against her desire, to take the sitting-room, where his parents and their visitors were.

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J. T. & F. DAY, HAZEL GREEN, KY.

ply of the following brands, PERFECT MAGNOLIA, Roller Finery, SILVER JAW, they will quote prices and deliver at Hazel Green, Ky.

S. S. Shackelford left for Devil's Creek Monday last on business.

A. T. Fulk killed three black snakes Saturday. One was five and a half feet long, and the others four feet each.

Thomas Tett sold in James Clark of M. town, a 2-year-old steer for \$12.50.

Our Sabbath school is still increasing numbers, and we think much good will be accomplished.

SWANAGO STEELING, Jan. 11th.—A. New Swanago, his amiable and loving wife, sweet little boy Tommie in company with Uncle Harry and Aunt Nan, started on a day's journey, where they will stop a few days at Combs' House.

At the Swanago and son Hattie will be for White Oak this evening, to visit Boone Bay and lady.

Master Courtney F. Combs left for Canaan yesterday, considerably benefited by tall hard-wood trees—make many rings a year, sometimes as many as a dozen.

Miss Joe, Cecil returned from Sullivan But the last set of cells in the annual (January) growth are very small, and the first set of every larger and more vigorous growth. The annual growth can always be terminated.

The Holstein-Friesians are exceedingly quiet, kind and gentle in disposition, a characteristic which is a great desideratum in a profitable cow. By the virtue of the strong and vigorous constitutions which they possess, they have shown themselves able to withstand climatic changes, and to adapt themselves to the varying conditions of different countries.—St. Louis Republic.

It takes a year or two for raspberry plants to reach their best bearing conditions, and it is best to start new plants every third year. The average life of raspberry plantations is about six years; by setting new plants once in three years, the advantage is gained of having two sets of plants, one coming into full bearing as the other is going out. Plants may be set either in the spring or fall.

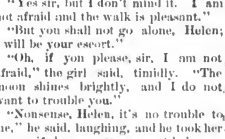
THE DEADLY CROCODILE.

Explorer Stanley Describes How It Attacks and Devours Its Victims.

"The most dangerous savage foes we have to fear," said Stanley, the explorer, are the crocodile, the hippopotamus and the buffalo. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by hippopotamus and one by a buffalo. There are large numbers of the hippopotamus along the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands of crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have because they are so silent and so swift. You see a crocodile in the river," said Mr. Stanley, with one of his graphic touches; "he is standing near the shore, laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of his bath; suddenly he falls upon you and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached you unseen, struck him a blow with its tail that knocks him over and he is instantly seized and carried off. Or, it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the tree yonder is a huge crocodile. It has spotted the swimmer, and is watching its opportunity. The swimmer approaches, he is seized by the leg and dragged under, and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all.—London Telegraph.

How to Build Chimneys.

To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot, you must build it large enough, sixteen inches square; use good brick, and clay instead of lime, up to the comb; plaster it inside with clay mixed with salt; for chimney tops use the very best of brick, wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams or rafters, as most chimneys settle a little, and if too tight between the beams and rafters, there is where the crack in your chimneys comes, and where the most of the fire escapes, and the chimney sometimes gets red hot. A chimney built from the cellar up is better and less dangerous than one built on the wall. Don't get your stovepipe hole so close to the ceiling, eighteen inches from it.—Builder.



HAD A BOMB-SHELL EXPLODED.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

COOPER & BACK, Publishers.

HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

CURRENT TOPICS.

KANSAS has eleven unorganized counties. **PANAS** LABOR and suits are on their way home to Europe.

The fund for Mrs. Logan's benefit has been closed at \$67,000.

COLUMBUS, Neb., is to have street railways and a motor line.

A box car, complete, was built in four hours at Anstett, Ala.

The American refugees in Canada are talking of forming a club.

The late Justice Woods' estate is valued at from \$150,000 to \$200,000.

A BRIDGE is to be built across the Missouri river at Sioux City, Ia.

FRYBATES' maximum daily gas yield would equal 2,500 tons of coal.

Invitations keep coming to the President to visit various portions of the country.

A proposed monument to General Lee at Richmond, Va., will not be begun until fall.

The New York Legislature has declared everlasting hostility to the English sparrow.

A PRETTY town named Gladstone has been founded in the San Gabriel valley, California.

NO LESS than 25,000 persons ascended the Washington Monument during the year ending April 1.

THERE is a village in Wales with a name containing seventy-two letters and twenty-two syllables.

KANSAS will send 25,000 veterans to the National encampment, which is to be held in St. Louis in September.

ASTRONOMERS are discovering a good many of those celestial tramps otherwise known as comets, this year.

In one of the French schools there is a natural magnet which is said to be capable of lifting four times its weight.

At a recent typewriting contest in New York Miss M. C. Grant wrote 384 words in four minutes and forty seconds.

From one tree recently felled at Hoversville, O., it is said that 400 fence posts and twenty-two cords of stave wood were cut.

The Shah of Persia would like some enterprising American capitalist to help develop his kingdom by constructing railways.

SARIE MOTER, of Lanesford, Pa., is a ten-year old, weighs 160 pounds, and is taking on fat at the rate of two pounds a week.

A RESIDENT of Savannah exhibits 124 large sweet potatoes, which were grown on a single vine. They completely fill a barrel.

PROF. CHAR. BRAH N, of Bates College, says that the "devil's darning needle" has no sting at all, but he eats millions of mosquitoes.

WALKING conservators is the latest name for the florally decorated women seen on the fashionable thoroughfares and in showy equipages.

DYONCEAN women are barred from Queen Victoria's receptions. This old rule is held to religiously by the Queen, and she will make no exception.

APPEALS it is conceding to reflect that the American dollars taken over to England by Henry Irving will be brought back by him, Buffalo Bill and from.

The British authorities have again declared that the Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Ga., will not be permitted to parade on English territory.

It is announced that it will take fully six months before the English government can demonstrate by actual experiment whether coercion will coerce.

New York has a grocer named Coffey, a curried hair dealer named Willicomb, milk dealers named Well and Water and a clothing firm named Taylor & Cutter.

There is considerable likelihood that at least a portion of the crown jewels of France will spend the summer at some one of the American watering places.

Errors has decided that the Russian language is good enough for the Russian children, and this shall be the language of education throughout the empire.

Arizona in the State of New York are being considerably annoyed by a law which makes the catching of a trout less than six inches long a misdemeanor.

As Absolut who satiated himself all over with "Vive la France" was imprisoned for six months when he came to be examined for admission to the German army.

The New York hotel men are now so well organized that out of the income from 50,000 guests a day they lose less than one per cent of their profits by reason of beats.

A BORST doctor raises his solemn voice against cotton stockings for winter wear.

He says they are a menace to the women of New England with rheumatism and neuritis.

GLADSTONE has a library containing 15,000 volumes. Works on theology are the most numerous. He also has large departments devoted to Shakespeare, Dante and Homer.

Was the time came for Theodore Baker to let the sheriff of Las Vegas know that he was ready to be hanged he said: "Let her go, Gallagher," and died without a struggle.

Somebody strolled into the sanctum of a Mississippi editor, and addressed him as "a fostering son on the body politic." The intruder will be his meals in bed until further notice.

A HAVESWORTH (Ct.) woman who has lived there was "good luck" in having a bird fly in a house, chase a canary bird in, and in doing so upset and broke a tea-dish looking-glass.

In Japan, according to a correspondent of the Reading Times, the theory is that the better half of "my fool of a wife." The same sentiment often prevails here, but we lack the Japanese franchise.

NEWS NOTES.

The Navy Department is informed that two supposed cases of cholera are reported at Tokio, Japan.

The jewelry firm of Chandler & Rhader, Chicago, have claims and assignments. Liabilities about \$2,000; assets \$21,000.

The Mayor of Syracuse, N. Y., refused permission to the John L. Sullivan combination to give an exhibition in that city.

Governor Hill has sent the name of Colonel Fred Grant, to the New York Senate for confirmation of his appointment as Brigadier General.

In the case of the State of Louisiana against the city of New Orleans, involving the McDonough tract of about 40,000 acres of swamp land, the Secretary of the Interior has decided in favor of New Orleans.

Major Ben: Perley Pope, the veteran newspaper correspondent, was stricken down while at the Capitol, Washington, a few days ago, with an acute attack of Bright's disease. His condition is the cause of uneasiness and alarm among his many friends.

John Dawes' sons, the famous iron masters of Staffordshire and Yorkshire, Eng., have failed. Their liabilities are \$90,000, and it is thought their assets will realize very little more than that sum.

The President has appointed Jared Lawrence Rathbone, of California, as Consul General at San Francisco.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery Gibson, wife of United States Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, died at the family residence in Washington a few days ago.

C. S. Kingsley, alias S. C. Cooper, who claims to be a farmer from Kalamazoo, Mich., was convicted, and sentenced to one day, on the charge of forgery at White Fish, Mich.

Augustus M. Smith, dispatch agent for Blaine has finally announced his decision to go to Europe, leaving early in June. The reason he assigns for the trip is poor health.

Mr. Mander and some other friends will accompany Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Junker, the celebrated African explorer, states that he has received letters from Emu Bay, dated November, in which the latter stated that the routes from the Cape to Wadswell were open.

Dr. J. W. Wadswell, who is believed to have taken this expedition, led him to believe that Stanley's expedition would be successful unless some accident occurred.

The open throat of the French is to take extreme measures to protect the interests of French fishermen in Canadian waters in view of the fact that the French fishery bill, has created quite a stir in London, and will have the effect to still further strain the relations existing between Great Britain and M. Waddington, the French ambassador.

A special dispatch from Scranton, Pa., states that the murder of the Rev. John J. McArthur, was the result of a plot to kill Michael Riley, in December, 1885, and that he was being hanged on the 29th instant, has escaped from prison.

Frank McArthur, the son of ex-Judge McArthur, was married to Miss Sarah W. McArthur, of New York, a few days ago. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's father, Governor Winston, of Alabama, a few days ago.

A fire, which originated in Nicholson's drug store, Hillsboro, Texas, by the overturning of a lamp, the other day, completely destroyed the building, and the entire block, with the exception of one building, was destroyed. Loss will aggregate \$125,000.

Mrs. Lottie Whitman, an estimable young married lady of Okaloosa, Ia., and belonging to the Methodist Episcopal church, was herself in the breast the other night with a revolver. She left a note saying that she feared she would be afflicted with consumption, and preferred death to the life of an invalid.

Oscar Myrte, a trader of Wheeling, W. Va., who is the richest man in the river, lost \$100,000 in cash and a fine gold watch, is reported to have been murdered near Ceredo, Wayne County. Myrte was killed by a man who was named as John Whelan, a man who is said to be his brother. This man is said to have shot Myrte and then robbed him.

Dr. John Burnett, aged eighty years, who has lived alone in miserable and filthy rooms at No. 54 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, has been taken to the hospital to die.

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NEWS NOTES.

Secretary Lamar, in the case of certain Arkansas swamp lands, has decided that the Interior Department can take no further action in regard to the same.

The Legislature of Arkansas has imposed by the Legislature of Arkansas upon the Governor are so modified as to give the official review in the adjustment of all details with the general government.

The President has recognized K. Kortge as Vice Consul of Portugal at Minneapoli.

The Irish college at Rome has printed and presented a long memorial to the Vatican, on the Irish question, which will be forwarded to the Holy See.

The Iowa State Board of Health has decided to rescind the quarantine laws against Illinois swine and stock cattle.

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

COOPER & BACK, Publishers.

HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

TO MY WIFE.

Luce, dost thou hear the voice, gentle voice in the air?
Like the waving of a plume, like the painting of a prayer,
Like an army of angels dead,
Like a dream of beauty fled,
When we can not quite remember what the angel vision said?
Oh, the voices of the Yesterdays! Time's melancholy choir,
With the twilight singing minor and the dawn's bright choir.
With the clouds of glory round,
And a million golden minutes strewn like grain upon the ground.

Oh, they must be up the river, and it can not be a dream.
For the wind is blowing soft, my love, is blowing down the stream.
And is waiting to your ears
What your lot's nine spite bears,
Till the past grows dim and dimmer through the mist of many years.
And a little form in white seems to rise beyond the rain,
And a little hand to beckon and a little voice to call.

To your heart a moment pressed,
Then away to be a guest,
And to sing among the Angels in the gardens of the West.

For the little infant spirit that a brighter angel bore,
A dark angel challenged at the threshold of the door.

And he bade it hark again,
As returns the morning rain
To the heaven over the mountain and the glory over the main.

In his arms the angels clasped her, and as he turned and smiled
He crowned you there, the mother of a sinless angel child.

Ah, the beauty that she wore,
How so swiftly on before,
Just to turn the heaven for "welcome" to that bright and blessed shore!

But, Luce, 'twill be said by, when June has followed June,
And many a sad December night has played a solemn tune:

When the snow upon your hair
Forgets to melt and lingers there,
And form so frail and faded trembles in the old arm chair.

Then here's my hand, my dearest; we'll travel on together
In days both clear and cloudy, in rade and "any weather";
Till the winter at the last
Shall shoo the shadows east
And our lives and loves forever shall be blessed with the Past.

—Bert. P. Taylor.

HELEN LAKEMAN;

—OR—

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN A. MUMFORD.

AUTHOR OF "THE BANNER OF REDBORN," "WALKER BUCKLE," ETC.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Did you never see a bird with a crippled wing, and see how the poor little thing tried to fly and couldn't? Well, this child, could as well as birds, be that girl. Every cent she makes goes to support herself and the child."

The breakfast bell rang, and Pete did not complete his sentence.

That morning Warren noticed that the eyes of Helen Lakeman were staring at herself for her crippled brother, who was very large and blue, and her forehead was broad and high, and her features were regular. She was neat and tidy, and did not look at all like the sloven kitchen girls he had seen. Her hair was golden and neatly gathered in a net. There was a sweet sadness upon her face, which touched him not a little, when he remembered that all her earnings barely supported herself and her brother.

CHAPTER III.

AT CHURCH—THE MOUNTAIN WALK.

Warren Stuart regarded the girl as a commonplace mortal, and yet there was something a little more than common about her. He seldom saw her, save at mealtime, when she came in to wait upon the table. She knew a servant's place, and kept it. She was modest almost to shyness, and seldom spoke, never unless compelled to do so. Commonplace as he supposed her to be, he one day thought he discerned a poetic sadness in the large, dark blue eyes, as she stood like one in a reverie. The kitchen work at Stuart's was no very small matter, and it required all her time and energy to accomplish her part. She was nearly always busy, and frequently when he saw that sad worn face, and tired little form, he felt a sympathy for her.

One evening after the day's work was done, he was passing the kitchen where Helen would insist on staying, and heard her engaged in an animated conversation with her brother. It was a simple conversation such as a child might understand about Heaven. Little Amos was asking his sister if he should be relieved of his limitations there, and whether or not he would see his mother and father. The answers of the girl were low and sweet, assuring the little cripple that he would suffer no pain there, and would meet those who had gone before. Simple and commonplace as the conversation was, it had something about it which affected Warren.

It was Warren's intention to remain at home during the summer, and early in the fall seek a location to enter into the practice of his profession. It was now the busy season for farmers, and he did not meet many of his former friends and acquaintances. The second Sunday after his return was the day for preaching in the Sandy Fork school-house. The Methodist had taken this in one of their circuits, and sent Rev. Allen Blaze, a famous "gospel pounder" to preach there once a month. The school-house was about three-fourths of a mile from Mr. Stuart's, and down the creek known as Sandy Fork it was well hidden in the trees and the road to it led through the forest. The new preacher was very popular and his audiences were always large. Not infrequently the school-house failed to hold them and many stood outside at the door and windows.

Peter Stuart, the peddler, had been in his rounds and "dropped in" at the Stuart's the night before the Sunday on which Mr. Blaze was to preach.

"You'd better go to hear him," said Peter to Warren. "He's a regular stormer, I tell ye. He can make things blaze, too. His sermons are all wool, hand-made and warranted not to fail. You can hear one on Sunday, and it'll keep a 'righ' through yer all the rest of 't. Just like one time at a dance. Besides, some-



"I suppose you have come back a 'well-preserved doctor' times he fairly lifts a fellow out of his boots. He raises ye so high ye can't get a bird's-eye view of the New Jerusalem."

Warren consented to go, and the next morning the horses were hitched to the wagon, himself, his father and mother and sister got in and drove off to the school-house. The other two boys went on horseback, preferring a gallop through the woods to the ease and comfort of any wagon or carriage.

"Why, hello! Warren, how are you?" said Mr. Arnold, the moment he alighted from the wagon in front of the school-house. Mr. Arnold dropped the stick on which he was whittling, took Warren's hand. He was a man a little over medium height, somewhat slender, with sandy hair and whiskers, which only on his chin, and cropped short.

"I suppose you have come back among us a 'well-preserved doctor'?" he went on to say.

"That remains to be seen, Mr. Arnold," said Warren.

He was not surrounded by the old men and young men of the neighborhood, each extending to him a kindly greeting. Warren was a sort of favorite in the neighborhood, and all were glad to see him back. Mrs. Arnold, and even her daughter, Miss Hattie, a strictly little creature with a somewhat florid complexion and hair, and a face considerably freckled, came to him and insisted so earnestly that he should go home with them for dinner that he could not refuse. There was just like preaching at night and he could go home with his parents then, so after the sermon was over he got into Mr. Arnold's carriage and sat down by the side of Miss Hattie, whom he had known since childhood. Miss Hattie did her best in her shallow way to entertain him, but a conversation on beads and dress has but little attraction for a young man whose clothes still have the college smell upon them.

The sermon at night was far more impressive to our hero than the one in the morning. Mr. Blaze (old Blaze, blue Blaze and many other blazes, as he was called) took his text from Matthew the XXV. and forthrightly said: "And the King shall answer and say unto them: 'Verily I say unto you: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

His theme was charity, and every word seemed like an arrow sent home to Warren's heart. When he alluded to "the least of these," the young thought of poor little Amos, crippled and helpless, and there seemed to raise above the minister a mist, which took the shape of an angel, the face of which was Helen's. He studied the sacrifice made by some noble women of the earth whose names he knew not, but to fame, but in Heaven, and whose crown would be brightest

there. The sermon from beginning to end seemed inspired by the acts of heroic self-sacrifice of that girl. Mr. Blaze did not know there was such a person in existence, yet, to use one of Peddler Pete's characteristic expressions, his cloth was cut for any measure.

Why had he not before noticed that this real heroine was wasting her life for her little brother, was the thought that came to Warren's mind: "I will see my father and mother about it." When preaching was over Mr. Blaze and his wife consented to go home with Mr. Stuart, and Peddler Pete being there, the wagon was full without Warren.

"Never mind me, father," he said. "It's only a nice walk and the moon shines brightly." The truth is, our young doctor preferred to walk alone that he might the better digest the discourses he had heard.

Pete insisted on walking in his stead, but he would not hear it to, and the wagon braked on with its human freight, leaving Warren a-foot and alone. He started briskly down the wooded road, but had gone only a short distance when he almost ran against some one who was tripping lightly along before him.

"Excuse me," he said. There was a timid acceptance of the apology, and the slight form drew back in the dark part of the road for him to pass.

"It is so dark here!" said Warren. "Very dark, Mr. Stuart," responded a voice, sweetly.

"I beg pardon, but is not this Helen?"

"It is, sir," was the timid response. "Were you at church?"

"Yes sir."

"And are now on your way home alone?"

"Yes sir, but I don't mind it. I am not afraid and the walk is pleasant."

"But you shall not go alone, Helen; I will be your escort."

"Oh, if you please, sir, I am not afraid," the girl said, timidly. "The moon shines brightly, and I do not want to trouble you."

"Nonsense, Helen, it's no trouble to me," he said, laughing, and he took her arm as if she were some great lady.

They walked on and began to talk about the sermon. Warren could not but contrast the depth of Helen's conversation with the shallowness of Hattie Arnold. As the timidity left her she began to converse with a knowledge, surprising in a hired girl. Where had she learned so much? was the question our hero asked himself. As they came out into a more open part of the road the moon fell upon her upturned face. Oh, how lovely it looked! The large, deep-set eyes were dark and bright. The moonlight hair was ringlets of gold, and the form, neatly, but not grandly, attired, was beautiful.

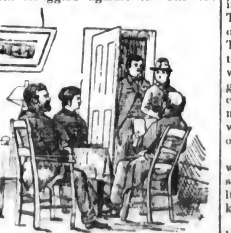
They were just in the midst of an animated conversation upon the sermon when the moon's rays revealed the real loveliness of Helen Lakeman. Warren Arnold never has forgotten, and we are assured he never will forget, that moonlight walk. He may have had other happy moments in his life, but this, the first dawning of a pure love, was the happiest moment of his existence.

He asked Helen why she did not go to church in the forenoon, and she answered that having to get dinner she did not have time. She only got an opportunity to steal away and hear the word of God after she had done her day's work and put little Amos to bed.

"But why did you not go with mother and sister in the carriage?"

She made no answer to this and Warren bit his lip. There was room for the minister, his wife, and even Peddler Pete, but this poor girl, who was an angel on earth, after toiling all day Sunday, was compelled to walk a mile and a half to church. The neglect of his parents, however, had given him the blessed privilege of Helen's company, and he had discovered how precious she was to him.

We will not attempt to record their conversation. It was not of love, but love itself. Both knew it, both felt, yet both struggled against it. The old



HAD A BOMB-SHELL EXPLODED. farm-house was reached too soon, and he conducted Helen, much against her desire, to the sitting-room, where his parents and their visitors were.

Had a bomb-shell exploded in the room the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold could not have been greater. Warren was sure there was a frown of anger on the face of his father, and a

strove to keep his mind from this was the weakest of follies, he knew; but then we are weak creatures.

After finding it impossible to restore the equanimity of his mind, he returned to the house. Now the dear old farm-house seemed doubly dear.

Had the question been asked Warren Stuart: "Are you in love with this hired girl?" he would undoubtedly have answered: "No," though he was willing to admit that she was beautiful, good as an angel, and possessed the most lovable qualities of any person he had ever met. Yet there was a certain pride in his marrying a hired girl. This pride was not dead, and would have to be overcome before he could be induced to propose marriage to Helen; but it was numbed and might be worn down by any sudden torrent of feeling.

The next morning he was feeling dull and heavy. His brothers had long been up, and were feeding and currying their horses, while their breakfast was preparing. The minister and his wife were going to Newton that morning and Warren was the person selected to take them.

"I guess if yer goin' to town to-day I'll jist go 'long to take the train for Chicago," said Peddler Pete; "ye see my stock's runnin' low, an' I had better replenish jist a little."

The preacher and his wife sat on the rear seat. Pete, having asked pardon and got the permission to light his pipe, was enjoying a smoke during the morning ride.

The road to Newton was through a rich farming country. Sandy Fork was the most fertile portion of the State. On this delightful spring morning everything seemed fresh and lovely. The whistle of the plow-boy and songs of the birds made the air melodious. The fields, lately plowed, were black in the richness of their soil, the winter wheat and oats made them look like green canvas paintings. No picture could express the loveliness of the morning, for here nearly all the senses were permitted to drink in the glories of nature's loveliness.

"This is a grand mornin'," said Pete, who possessed not a little poetry in his soul, yet without the ability to express it. "This is a lovely mornin'." Do ye know, Warren, what it is?—dunno?"

"No," said Warren, whose mind had been occupied ever since they started. The minister and his wife were talking and paying no attention to the men in the front seat. Pete noticed this, and leaning forward said, in a low tone: "A certain little gal what works in a gentleman's kitchen to get a livin' for herself an' a crippled brother." The shrewd peddler looked and fixed his eyes on Warren.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—By assorting the eggs, separating the dark from the light in color, a higher price will be obtained for the lot.

—As regards the thinning out of potato tops, we read: If it is a cool, wet season, thinning will do well; if hot and dry, the crop will be spoiled.—N. Y. Witness.

—It was the illustrious Lord Bacon who expressed the opinion that "razor-shaving is the purest of human pleasures and the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man."

—Rain water and soda will take out machine grease.—To take grease spots from wall paper lay over them a paste made of magnesia and kerosene.

—To remove oil and varnish from silk, try benzine, ether and soap very cautiously.

—Almond Jumbles.—Three-fourths of a pound of almonds, blanched and chopped fine, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of flour, one cupful of sour milk, five eggs, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with rose.

—The quantity, condition and amount of wool will depend much upon the vigorous health of the animal producing it. If the animal is not in good health, or if its food has been deficient in quantity or quality, the wool that it will produce will be light and the fibre will be harsh and rough to the touch.—Troy Times.

—Thomas Mehan, editor of the *Gracener's Monthly*, than whom there is probably no better authority in the country, says: "Our Northern trees—all hard-wood trees—make many rings a year, sometimes as many as a dozen. But the last set of cells in the annual growth are very small, and the first very large; and as a consequence the annual growth can always be determined."

—The Holstein-Friesians are exceedingly quiet, kind and gentle in disposition, a characteristic which is a great desideratum in a profitable cow. By virtue of the strong and vigorous constitutions which they possess, they have shown themselves able to withstand climatic changes, and to adapt themselves to the varying conditions of different countries.—St. Louis Republic.

—It takes a year or two for raspberry plants to reach their best bearing conditions, and it is best to start new plants every third year. The average life of raspberry plantations is about six years; by setting new plants once in three years, the advantage is gained of having two sets of plants, one coming into full bearing as the other is going out. Plants may be set either in the spring or fall.

THE DEADLY CROCODILE.

Explorer Stanley Describes How It Attacks and Devours Its Victims.

"The most dangerous savage foe we have to fear," said Stanley, the explorer, are the crocodile, the hippopotamus and the buffalo. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus and one by a buffalo. There are large numbers of the hippopotamus along the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands of crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have because they are so stealthy and so swift. You see a man bathing in the river," said Stanley, with one of his graphic touches; "he is standing near the shore, laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of his bath; suddenly he falls over and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached unseen, has struck him a blow with its tail that knocks him over and he is instantly seized and carried off. Or, it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the tree yonder is a huge crocodile. It has spotted the swimmer, and is watching its opportunity. The swimmer approaches, he is seized by the leg and dragged under and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all.—London Telegraph.

How to Build Chimneys.

To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot, you must build it large enough, sixteen inches square, use good brick, and lay instead of lime up to the comb; plaster it inside with the best of white salt; for chimney tops use the very best of brick, wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams or rafters, as most chimneys settle a little, and if too tight between the beams and rafters, there is where the crack in your chimneys comes, and where the most of the fire originates, as the chimney sometimes gets red hot. A chimney built from the cellar up is better and less dangerous, than one hung on the walls. Do not get the mortar hole so close to the ceiling, eighteen inches from it.—Builder.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

COOPER & BACON, Publishers.

HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

TO MY WIFE.

Lady, don't you hear the voices, gentle voices in the air:
Like the waving of a pinion, like the panning of a prayer,
Like a song of singers dead,
Like a dream of beauty hid,
When we can not quite remember what the angel vision said?
Oh, the voices of the Yesterdays! Time's melody, angelic choir,
With the twilight singing minor and the dawn singing air,
With the clouds of glory round,
And their brows with arisands bound,
And a million golden minutes strewn like grass upon the ground.
Ah, they must be up the river, and it can not be a dream,
For the wind is blowing soft, my love, is howling down the stream.
And in waiting for your ears
What your heart is saying there,
Till the past grows dim and dimmer through the mist of many years.
—And a little form in white seems to rise beyond the rain,
And a little hand to beckon and a little voice to complain,
To your heart a moment pressed,
Then away to be a guest,
And to sing among the Angels in the gardens of the blest.
For the little "fant spirit that a brighter angel bore,
A dark angel challenged at the threshold of the door,
And he bade it back again,
As he turned the morning rain
To the heaven o'er the mountain and the glory o'er the main.
In his arms the angels clasped her, and as he turned and smiled
He crowned you there, the mother of a sinless angel child.
Ah, the beauty that she wore,
How so softly on her face,
Just to learn the Heaven for welcome to that bright and blessed shore!
But, Lucy, 'twill be by and by, when June has followed June,
And many a sad December night has played a solemn tune,
When the snow upon your hair
Forgets to melt and lingers there,
And form so frail and faded trembles in the old arm chair.
Then hear my hand, my dearest; we'll travel on together
In days both clear and cloudy, in rude and rainy weather;
Till the winter at the last
Shall the shadows eastward cast
And our lives and loves forever shall be blest with the Past.
—Helen, P. Taylor.

HELEN LAKEMAN;

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MURKIN.
AUTHOR OF "THE BARKER OF BEDFORD,"
"WALKER BROWDER," ETC.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Did you never meet him with a crippled wing, and see how the poor little thing tried to fly and couldn't? Well, this child, good as he is, holds down that gal. Every cent she makes goes to support herself and the child." The breakfast bell rang, and Pete did not complete his sentence.
That morning Warren noticed that the eyes of the hired girl, who was sacrificing herself for her crippled brother, were very large and blue, and her forehead was broad and high, and her features were regular. She was neat and tidy, and did not look at all like the sloven kitchen girls he had seen. Her hair was golden and neatly gathered in a net. There was a sweet sadness upon her face, which touched him not a little, when he remembered that all her earnings barely supported herself and her brother.

CHAPTER III.

AT CRITCHER'S MOONSHOT WALK.

Warren Stuart regarded the girl as a commonplace mortal, and yet there was something a little more than common about her. He seldom saw her, save at mealtime, when she came in to wait upon the table. She knew a servant's place, and kept it. She was modest almost to shyness, and seldom spoke, never unless compelled to do so. Commonplace as he supposed her to be, he one day thought he discerned a poetic sadness in the large, dark blue eyes, as she stood like one in a reverie. The kitchen work at St. Louis was very small matter, and it required all her time and energy to accomplish her part. She was nearly always busy, and frequently when he saw that sad worn face, and tired little form, he felt a sympathy for her.

One evening after the day's work was done, he was passing the kitchen when Helen would insist on staying, and heard her engaged in an animated conversation with her brother. It was a simple conversation such as a child might understand about Heaven. Little Anne was asking his sister if he should be relieved of his infirmities there, and whether or not he would see his mother and father. The answers of the girl were low and sweet, assuring the little cripple that he would suffer no pain there, and would meet those who knew him before. When the conversation was over, it was something about it which affected Warren.

It was Warren's intention to remain at home during the summer, and early in the fall seek a location to enter into the practice of his profession. It was now the busy season for farmers, and he did not meet many of his former friends and acquaintances. The second Sunday after his return was the day for preaching in the Sandy Fork school-house. The Methodist had taken this in one of their circuits, and sent Rev. Allen Blaise, a famous "gospel pounder" to preach there once a month. The school-house was about three-fourths of a mile from Mr. Stuart's and down the creek known as Sandy Fork it was well hidden in the trees and the road to it led through the forest. The new preacher was very popular and his audiences were always large. Not infrequently the school-house failed to hold them and many stood outside at the door and windows.

Peter Blair, the peddler, had been his rounds and "dropped in" at the Stuart's the night before the Sunday on which Mr. Blaise was to preach. "You'd better go'n hear him," said Peter to Warren. "He's a regular stunner. I tell ye, he can make things lively, too. His sermons are all wool, hand-made and warranted not to fade. You can hear one on Sunday, and it'll keep a'right through yer ears all the rest o' the week just like one tune at a dance. Besides, some-



"I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE COME BACK A FULL-FLEDGED DOCTOR?"

times he fairly lifts a feller out o' his boots. He raises ye so high ye can most git a bird's-eye view o' the New Jerusalem."

Warren consented to go, and the next morning the horses were hitched to the wagon, himself, his father and mother and sister got in and drove off to the school-house. The other two boys went on horseback, preferring a gallop through the woods to the ease and comfort of any wagon or carriage.

"Why, hello, Warren, how are you?" said Mr. Arnold, the moment he alighted from the wagon in front of the school-house. Mr. Arnold dropped the stick on which he was whittling to take Warren's hand. He was a usual little creature, somewhat slender, with sandy hair and whiskers, which were just on his chin, and crooked short.

"I suppose you have come back among us a full-fledged doctor?" he went on to say.

"That's coming to be seen, Mr. Arnold," said Warren.

He was now surrounded by the old men and young men of the neighborhood, each extending to him a kindly greeting.

Warren was a sort of favorite in the neighborhood, and all were glad to see him back. Mrs. Arnold, and even her daughter, Miss Hallie, a sprightly little creature with a somewhat florid complexion and hair, and a face considerably freckled, came to him and greeted so earnestly that he should go home with them for dinner that he could not refuse. There was to be preaching at night and he could go home with his parents then, so after the sermon was over he got into Mr. Arnold's carriage and sat down by the side of Miss Hallie, whom he had known since childhood. Miss Hallie did her best in her shallow way to entertain him, but a conversation on beaux and dross has but little attraction for a young man whose clothes still have the college smudge upon them.

The sermon at night was far more impressive to her hero than the one in the morning. Mr. Blaise (old Blaise, blue Blaise and many other blazes, as he was called) took his text from Matthew the XXV, and forthwith versed:

"And ye shall stand and sing unto him: 'Verily I say unto you; Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

His theme was charity, and every word seemed like an arrow sent home to Warren's heart. When he awoke to "the least of these," the youth thought of poor little Anne, crippled and helpless, and there seemed to rise above the minister a mist, which took the shape of an angel, the face of which was Helen's. He shuddered to the center of his soul, and the words of the earth whose names were now known not to fame, but inscribed in Heaven, and whose crown would be brightest

there. The sermon from beginning to end seemed inspired by the acts of heroic self-sacrifice of that girl. Mr. Blaise did not know there was such a person in existence, yet, to use one of Peddler Pete's characteristic expressions, his cloth was cut for any measure.

Why had he not before noticed that this real heroine was wasting her life for her little brother, was the thought that came to Warren's mind: "I will see my father and mother about it." When preaching was over Mr. Blaise and his wife consented to go home with Mr. Stuart, and Peddler Pete being there, the wagon was full without Warren.

"Never mind me, father," he said, "It's only a nice walk and the moon shines brightly." The truth is, our young doctor preferred to walk alone, that he might the better digest the discourse he had heard.

Pete insisted on walking in his stead, but he would not hear to it, and the wagon rolled on with its human freight, leaving Warren a-foot and alone. He started briskly down the wooded road, but had gone only a short distance when he almost ran against some one who was tripping lightly along before him.

"Excuse me," he said. There was a timid acceptance of the apology, and the slight form drew back in the dark part of the road for him to pass.

"It is so dark here!" said Warren. "Very dark, Mr. Stuart," responded a voice, sweetly.

"I beg pardon, but is not this Helen?"

"It is, sir," was the timid response.

"We you at church?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are now on your way home alone?"

"Yes, sir, but I don't mind it. I am not afraid and the walk is pleasant."

"But you shall not go alone, Helen; I will be your escort."

"Oh, if you please, sir, I am not afraid," the girl said, timidly. "The moon shines brightly, and I do not want to trouble you."

"Nonsense, Helen, it's no trouble to me," he said, laughing, and he took her arm as if she were some great lady.

They walked on and began to talk about the sermon. Warren could not but contrast the depth of Helen's conversation with the shallowness of Hallie Arnold. As the timidity left her she began to converse with a knowledge surprising in a hired girl. Where she had earned so much was the question our hero asked himself. As they came out into a more open part of the road the moon fell upon her upturned face. Oh, how lovely it looked. The large blue eyes were dark and brilliant. The uncombed hair was ringlets of gold, and her complexion, but not grandly, attired, was beautiful.

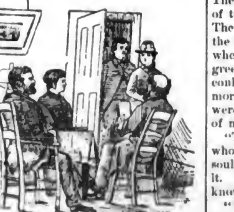
They were just in the midst of an animated conversation upon the sermon when the moon's rays revealed the real loveliness of Helen Lakeman. Warren Arnold never has forgotten, and we are assured he never will forget, that moonlight walk. He may have had other happy moments in his life, but this, the first dawning of a pure love, was the happiest moment of his existence.

He asked Helen why she did not go to church in the forenoon, and she answered that having to get dinner she did not have time. She only had an opportunity to steal away and hear the word of God after he had done her day's work and put little Anne to bed.

"But why did you not go with mother and sister in the carriage?"

She made no answer to this and Warren hit his lip. There was room for the minister, his wife, and even Peddler Pete, but this poor girl, who was an angel on earth, after toiling all day Sunday, was compelled to walk a mile and a half to church. The neglect of his parents, however, had given him the blessed privilege of Hol's company, and he had discovered how precious life was to him.

We will not attempt to record their conversation. It was not of love, but love itself. Both knew it, both felt, yet both struggled against it. The old



HAD A BOMB-SHELL EXPLODED.

farm-house was reached too soon, and he conducted Helen, much against her desire, to the sitting-room, where his parents and their visitors were.

Had a bomb-shell exploded in the room the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart could not have been greater. Warren was sure there was a frown of anger on the face of his father, and a

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—By assorting the eggs, separating the dark from the light in color, a higher price will be obtained for the lot.

—As regards the thinning out of potato tops, we read: If it is cool, wet season, thinning will do well. If hot and dry, the crop will be spoiled.—N. Y. Witness.

—It was the illustrious Lord Bacon who expressed the opinion that "gardening is the purest of human pleasures and the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man."

—Rain water and soda will take out machine grease.—To take grease spots from wall paper lay over them a paste made of magnesia and benzine. —To remove oil and varnish from silk, try benzine, ether and soap very cautiously.

—Almond Junbles.—Three-fourths of a pound of almonds, blanched and chopped fine, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of flour, one cupful of sour milk, five eggs and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with rose.

—The quality of wool which is a great vigorous health of the animal producing it. If the animal is not in good health, or if its food has been deficient in quantity or faulty in quality, the fleece will be light and the fibre will be harsh and rough to the touch.—Troy Times.

—Thomas Mehan, editor of the *Gardener's Monthly*, from whom there is probably no better authority in the country, says: "Our Northern trees—all hard-wood trees—make many rings a year, sometimes as many as a dozen. But the last set of cells in the annual growth are very small, and the first very large; and as a consequence the annual growth can always be determined."

—The Holstein-Friesians are exceedingly quick, kind and gentle in disposition, a characteristic which is a great desideratum in a profitable cow. By virtue of the strong and vigorous constitutions which they possess, they have shown themselves able to withstand climatic changes, and to adapt themselves to the varying conditions of different countries.—St. Louis Republican.

—It takes a year or two for raspberry plants to reach their best bearing conditions, and it is best to start new plants every third year. The average life of raspberry plantations is about six years; by setting new plants once in three years, the advantage is gained of having two sets of plants, one coming into full bearing as the other is going out. Plants may be set either in the spring or fall.

THE DEADLY CROCODILE.

Explorer Stanley Describes How It Attacks and Destroys Its Victims.

"The most dangerous savage foes we have to fear," said Stanley, the explorer, are the crocodile, the hippopotamus and the buffalo. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus and one by a buffalo. There are large numbers of the hippopotamus along the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands of crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have because they are so silent and so swift. You see a man bathing in the river," said Mr. Stanley, with one of his graphic touches; "he is standing near the shore, laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the enjoyment of his bath; suddenly he falls over and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached unseen, has struck him a blow with its tail that has knocked him over and he is instantly seized and carried off. Or, it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the tree yonder is a huge crocodile. It has spotted the swimmer, and is watching its opportunity. The swimmer approaches, he is seized by the leg and dragged under and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all.—London Telegraph.

How to Build Chimneys.

To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot, you must build it large enough, sixteen inches square, of solid brick, and lay instead of lime, up to the comb; plaster it inside with clay mixed with salt; for chimney tops use the very best of brick, wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams or rafters, as most chimneys settle a little, and if too tight between the beams and rafters, there is where the crack in your chimneys comes, and where the most of the fire originates, as the chimney sometimes gets red hot. A chimney built from the cellar up is better and less dangerous than one built on the wall. Don't get your stovepipe hole so close to the ceiling, eighteen inches from it.—Butcher.

"I guess if yer goin' to town to-day I'll jist go 'long to take the train for Chicago," said Peddler Pete. "Ye see my stock's runnin' low, an' I had better replenish jist a little."

The preacher and his wife sat on the rear seat. Pete, having asked pardon and got the permission to light his pipe, was enjoying a smoke during the morning ride.

The road to Newton was through a rich farming country. Sandy Fork was the most fertile portion of the State. On this delightful spring morning every thing seemed fresh and lovely. The whistle of the plow-boy and songs of the birds made the air melodious. The fields, lately plowed, were black in the richness of their soil, the winter wheat and oats made them look like green canvas paintings. No picture could express the loveliness of the morning, for here nearly all the senses were permitted to drink in the glories of nature's loveliness.

"This is a grand mornin'," said Pete, who possessed not a little poetry in his soul, yet without the ability to express it. "This is a lovely mornin'. Do ye know, Warren, what it 'minds me of?"

"No," said Warren, whose mind had been occupied ever since they started. The minister and his wife were talking and paying no attention to the men in the front seat. Pete noticed this, and leaning forward said, in a low tone:

"A certain little gal what works in a gentleman's kitchen to get a livin' for herself an' a crippled brother. The shrewd peddler winked and fixed his eyes on Warren.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
**tape and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing,
 Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Queensware, Tinware,
 Hardware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Groceries,
 Stoves, and Farming Implements.**
 In fact, everything usually kept in a first-class country store, and at **REASONABLE PRICES**, will take the place of the dealer for Goods, or in the absence of any definite one, all kinds of **Country Produce and Live Stock** of every description.

THE HERALD

Has a larger circulation in the mountain of Eastern Kentucky than any paper in the State, and merchants and others wishing to secure the trade of Eastern Kentucky, will find it THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Advertising Rates.
Transient advertisements, 70 cents per inch first insertion; 25 cents on each subsequent insertion.

STANDARD ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 inch, 1 year, \$5.00; 4 inches, 1 year, \$15.00; 2 inches, 1 year, \$10.00; 3 inches, 1 year, \$12.50; 1 inch, 3 months, \$3.75; 2 inches, 3 months, \$5.00; 3 inches, 3 months, \$6.25; 4 inches, 3 months, \$7.50.

Special rates on larger advertisements: local notices, 50 cents a line, with 50 percent off for long time.
Obituary and death notices free; tributes of respect and obituaries 5 cents a line.
Announcements of candidates for State or District offices, \$10; County offices, \$5; calls on persons to become candidates and their answers, 5 cents a line. Payable invariably in advance.

SPENCER COOPER.

Dissolution Notice.

The partnership heretofore existing between Cooper & Back in the publication of THE HERALD is dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Back retiring.

Our Mr. Back having declined to enter the Union Theological Seminary and receive the prostration of his studies for the ministry, has severed his connection with THE HERALD. All parties owing subscription through Mr. Back, are requested to remit same to him at Jackson Ky.

CURRENT TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

Mrs. Taylor Dwyer has been quite ill for a week past, but is now convalescing.

I wish to buy a lot of fat sheep. Call or address HENRY F. PIERATT.

At a horse-racing at Jack Wilson's a short time since seven copper heads and one rat-head were killed.

Mrs. Mattie Morse of this place left last Thursday for a protracted visit to relatives and friends at Lexington.

When you wish to hire a horse or buggy don't fail to call at my stable.

H. F. PIERATT.

Mrs. Annie Adams of this place is on a visit to her husband, John Adams of the railway mail service, at Louisville.

Miss Clara Day the accomplished daughter of N. B. Day, of Free Creek, was visiting relatives and friends in Hazel Green last week.

People coming to Hazel Green from Mt. Sterling should take the hack at Cornwell. The driver states that it will save him considerable time.

People who want a reliable supply of the superior blue-rash and red by W. T. Caskey, the proprietor, will find it best to call at his place and we will take care of them.

Bill Lark was down from Lacy Creek last Saturday and Sunday, and reports the heavy crop short. He also says services are being held, but thinks the millinery will be abundant.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt preached at Rose Valley Baptist house on Sunday last Sunday. He informed us that the people of that section have raised over \$200 for the purpose of building a church.

Rev. J. A. Vance preached at the Presbyterian Church in this place last Saturday night, and Sunday morning and night. He had good congregations at each service, and preached very interesting sermons.

Albert Pitts of Lexington is again with us for a short time looking after his lumber interest. He says the preparations made for the big Democratic barbecue at Lexington indicate that today will be a big day for Lexington and especially for lovers of barbecue soup.

All surveys of county roads in this county who fail to put their respective roads in good repair on time, will be reported to the next grand jury, which meets second Monday in July. So you can take warning, and save trouble and expense.

G. B. SWANGO, J. W. C. C.

Henry Pieratt is still pursuing the even tenor of his way, and the while evening up the way for tenants and farmers along our thoroughfares. The streets are beginning to remind one of the bonkards along the Champs Elysees in France, so smooth and level they here become.

Cooper & Hendon, a firm new firm, intend to buy and sell real estate on commission and would like to list all the lands for sale in this section. They will attend to all correspondence, do the advertising, etc., and incur all the expense. If you have land to sell it will pay you to be them at once.

John Pieratt in few months ago commenced trading with an old spring wagon and, by selling a little "beef" now has a horse for which he has been offered \$100. He explains by the statement that one man offered him \$50 and another man proposed giving him \$100 for the horse—\$100, John's a joker.

Henry Pieratt last Friday presented us with a prosaical, disingenuous something like a kidney and weighing upwards of a good deal more than one would suppose, which we shall burst open for the diamonds hidden there. If it pans out as we anticipate we will at once build a railroad to Rothwell.

A Preacher Plays "The Devil."

There was a strange sight witnessed in THE HERALD office last Tuesday. A well known and highly respected preacher almost instantly turned into a devil. We refer to Rev. J. T. Pieratt, who has for years commanded the respect and esteem of every one who heard the pleasure of his ministrations. He has always been looked upon as a model man in morals and a righteous man in religion, and this announcement may fall upon some of his friends like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, as a journalist we cannot mention all the circumstances which concern the public weal. No man has stood higher in our estimation than Brother Pieratt, and it is with feelings of reluctance and forgiveness, as he has been to man and brother to brother that we write these lines, but it has always been our custom to tell the truth in these columns. Let the consequences be what they might. No one who ever heard the pleasure of listening to his preaching and noticed the pathos in his appeals to the pulpit to forsake his sins and follow the Master, ever dreamed that he could or would ever be a devil. This makes it the harder for people to believe, but such are facts, and it is our province to tell in products of the kind, we shall establish by every available fact that on Tuesday last he did turn to a devil, and in a matter of fact he has not been since the days of Gethsemane. Now for the facts and the proof which are as follows: On the day named we needed assistance in this office, and Brother Pieratt kindly consented to put the ink on the type, a work which has always been performed by one known in printer's parlance as "the devil." So the story's told, and if you were a little shaken up when you began reading this you can not subscribe and be contented that in doing Brother Pieratt committed no sin, but on the other hand fulfilled the injunction, "Do unto others as ye would that others do unto you."

Wolfe County Republicans.

In pursuance of a call of the chairman the Republicans of Wolfe county met at Campton on June 6, 1887. A. C. Kash was made chairman and B. C. Herndon secretary. Wiley Steele, J. K. Brown, J. E. Cundiff, Wm. Burton and John T. Crome were appointed on resolutions, who reported the following:

Resolved, 1. That we reaffirm our faith in the principles of the Republican party.

2. That we fully endorse the action of our last State convention, and pledge our support to the nominees.

3. That we approve of the time and place of the call of the convention of the 24th Senatorial district to meet at Hazel Green on June 18th.

4. That we recognize in the person of our fellow-citizen, S. P. Hoge of Onks county, a suitable man for State Senator.

5. That we recognize in the person of our fellow-citizen, Judge G. W. Carson, a suitable man to represent us in the Legislature from the district composed of the counties of Menifee, Montgomery, Powell and Wolfe.

6. That J. T. Pieratt, Wm. Burton, L. M. Brown, J. T. Crome, Wm. Lawson and all other Republicans be requested by the people to get together to elect a committee.

7. That THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and Mt. Sterling Gazette be requested to publish these proceedings.

A. C. KASH, Chairman.

H. C. HENDON, Secretary.

Fair Warning to Our Friends.

With this issue the time of all who subscribed to THE HERALD on the 15th of last June expires. As we missed two issues during that time we shall make them good, which will give each subscriber two more numbers for the price of one. If you have not yet taken up your subscription, please apply to all who commenced taking the paper on the 15th of June, and, if you happen to be one of those, be certain to renew by the 25th or your name will be taken from the list. We will be greatly obliged to all who renew, and hope that every one will, with the exception, of course, the money sent to the publishers. We need money, and the publication of our paper is now costing us an outlay of cash each week that we find hard to meet, and we must therefore have the money for every paper that we send out. We have no capital, no bank stock, no land, but depend entirely upon the income of the paper to publish it. We need money, and hope all our friends will promptly renew and get their neighbors to subscribe. To-day many of our friends will be in town and it would be a good time to settle for the paper.

A Double Wedding.

A party of six persons, Mr. and Mrs. Browne, H. C. and W. H. Thompson, Miss Ella Thompson and D. W. Roush, of East Bernstadt, Ky., passed through this place in a light wagon last Saturday en route to West Liberty. Mr. H. Thompson stated to the press, while on the road, that he had taken into himself Miss Lulu Phillips as a helpmate, and his brother to be united to Miss Willie Ladd in the holy bonds of matrimony. Rev. W. H. Ragan, now on the East Bernstadt circuit, was selected to perform the ceremony, and had preceded them to the scene of nuptials. Unhappily, therefore, some one has realized that "there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," a quartette of hearts are now beating in unison, while four souls are singing in the lofty realm of bliss with a solitary thought of the present and future pleasure in store for them as they pass down the path of matrimony to rest in the smiles of a pretty progeny.

Judge G. B. Swango, who recently returned from Hot Springs whither he was looking in the interest of his health, is now feeling well and tells us he is also feeling well and has a good appetite. His return was very opportune, as our roads were becoming impassible in many places. He informs us that he will have them attended to at once, or see that the grand jury attends to the overseers at the July term.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—May 23d, from the farm of Bill Burton on Devil's Creek, one red and white piglet cow. She is six years old, has a "heart" in forehead, and the brash of her tail is cut square off. I will pay any one a reasonable sum for her return or information that will enable me to get her. Address me at Campton, Ky.
JOSHUA ELAM.

Uncle Billy Cox 83, living in the Cox Mill neighborhood has sent to this office a specimen of some newly issued money, a marble of a cranny color. It resembles soap-stone in some respects, but is much harder, and is in the shape of a bone. Uncle Billy has had it in his possession for over fifty years, and says it is now the same shape as when he dug it from the earth.

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD has been enlarged, and contains a large amount of excellent matter. The people should stand by this paper which is doing so much for this section. Mr. Buck, who recently purchased an interest, has withdrawn from the paper to study for the ministry, and Mr. Cooper is left alone again.—Sentinel-Democrat.

To three people of Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, Paris, Carlisle, etc., who contemplate visiting out this summer, we would respectfully recommend that they come via the Kentucky and South Atlantic railroad, and take the hack from Corwells Station. They will find it the cheapest, and altogether the best mode of travel.

WOLFE COUNTY.

CAMPTON, June 10.—H. C. Herndon of your place has been in our midst this week. A. F. Byrd has commenced work on his new dwelling.

A. J. Kearney has been appointed by the town authorities as overseer of the streets. There is much for him to do.

Capt. Roberts of Louisville was in town this week. Green B. Stammer will teach the public school at this place this fall. He is well qualified for the work of teaching, and with the encouragement and cooperation of the patrons of the school, he will conduct a school that will speak volumes for Campton.

Mrs. Sherman Shuckford of Devil's Creek has been very ill for some time, on Still-water.

Wm. Lacy and Sanford Davis, the famous stock merchants of Morgan county, attended county court here on Monday. They bought several miles while here.

We had in our town a few days ago a very strange character. He was about twenty years of age, had only one arm and was bald and dumb. He commenced to talk by writing. We have some very sympathetic people in our town. David Hoge said "Poor fellow, the good people of the town ought to do something for him."

James Williams spoke to him and said "How long have you been deaf and dumb?" and he said that he had been so about ten years. James said "what a pity," and gave him two small day books to write on. G. W. Drake, W. H. Tutt and T. M. Tutt arrested the fellow and he was soon restored. His hearing was restored and his tongue was used as a new organ was given to him, and he was completely revolutionized. He was thought to be some one who had escaped from prison and was making his escape. He said that he was a detective, and was in hot pursuit of a man who had killed some one in Missouri.

SPREADING, June 10.—Rev. A. P. Jones of the M. E. Church South preached for us Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. He is a talented young man and no one could have the confidence and esteem of the people.

W. A. Fulk of this place is visiting Hazel Green Sabbath school every Sunday, and rumor has it that Willie is intrusted there by the smiles of a certain belle of that place. His cousin John Fulk accompanied him.

Miss Addie Banks is visiting friends and relatives in this place this week, and her presence is quite cheering to her many friends.

Miss M. A. Cox returned home from Campton a few days since, where she has been visiting her grandfather, Hon. C. M. Hanks, for the past week.

There was quite a number of our neighbors returning from a fishing spree Saturday evening with some fish. They report a good time.

Mrs. S. S. Shackelford is suffering much pain in her leg, and has been unable to move under the treatment of Dr. J. H. Stammer.

G. W. Wilson is very low with dysentery. Doctors think his recovery doubtful.

There are a few cases of measles in this vicinity, but none dangerous.

J. J. Tutt bought one milk cow of James Lundy for \$15.00. Jack says that it must be the cow that Noah had in his ark. He gives three gallons of milk a day, from which three pounds of butter are made. Some one has it if they can, for age, milk and butter.

Born—A few days since to the wife of W. T. Tolson, a boy, Thomas Franklin. Taylor is supposed to be proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.



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**Best Grades of Full
Roller Flour.**
AND DEALER IN
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in Grade and Prices
at all times.**

J. T. & F. DAY HAZEL GREEN, KY. are Sole Agents for Eastern Kentucky for the following brands: THE PATENT, White Pearl, Patent Roller, MAGNOLIA, Roller Family, ROLLER LAMP, Roller Family, GLOBE, Superior, upon which they will quote prices and deliver at Hazel Green or Rothwell Station.

S. S. Shackelford left for Devil's Creek on Monday last on business.

A. T. Fulk killed three black snakes last Saturday. One was five and a half feet in length, and the others four feet each.

Thomas Tutt sold to James Clark of Maytown, a 23-year-old cow for \$12.50.

Our Sabbath school is still increasing in numbers, and we think much good will be accomplished.

LOUIS STIX & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS.

—AND—

NOTIONS

THIRD, RACE & UNION STREETS,
Cincinnati.

JAMES P. FANT,
WITH THE

Old Reliable Hat House

—OF—
W. S. DICKINSON & CO.,

DEALERS IN
GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, ETC.,

Corner Pearl and Vine,
CINCINNATI, O.

Will always be found ready to attend to the wants of the patrons of the house. Thank for past patronage, you are invited to call and see us when in the city, and Uncle Jim will promise to put us in his best looks when sitting upon you.

G. H. Dean, Kite & Pollard,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Queensware,

Glassware,

Lamps, &c.,

Decorated Dinner, Tea,

and Chamber Ware,

Northwest corner Pearl and
Walnut Streets,

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Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

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122 Vine Street,

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Cummins & Son,

ARTISTIC

Boot and Shoe

MAKERS,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Are prepared to make to order in a superior style and on short notice Ladies' and Gent's Fine Shoes and Boots, in latest styles and of best material. Repairing will receive prompt attention and prices on all work reasonable. Call and see our work.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

PUBLISHED BY SPENCER COOPER.

Subscription: \$1 a Year, And Must Be Paid In Advance.

TIME TABLE

Kentucky and South Atlantic Railway.

(Standard time 22 minutes slower than Mt. Sterling time.)

No. 1 leaves Mt. Sterling at 7 A. M., arrives at Louisville at 8:40 A. M.
No. 2 leaves Louisville at 9 A. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 10:50 A. M.
No. 3 leaves Mt. Sterling at 1:40 P. M., arrives at Louisville at 3:30 P. M.
No. 4 leaves Louisville at 3:45 P. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 5:30 P. M.
No. 5 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11:05 A. M. and 1:57 P. M. trains on C. & O. railway for Lexington, Cincinnati and Louisville.
No. 6 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11:05 A. M. train on C. & O. from the East, and 1:30 P. M. train from Louisville and Cincinnati.
Montgomery county court day special leaves Louisville on the 2nd Monday in each month at 7:30 A. M., arriving at Mt. Sterling at 9 A. M. Returning—leaves Mt. Sterling at 9 P. M., arriving at Louisville at 4:20 P. M.
Leaves Louisville for Mt. Sterling at 5 P. M.
GEO. B. HARPEL, Supt.

LOCAL NEWS & CORRESPONDENCE.

Henry Pieratt will go to butchering in a few days if he can get suitable stock.

Taylor Whaley, who is now employed at Campton, visited his wife and home Sunday last.

Geo. Carpenter of Whitesville passed through here Monday, en route to Mt. Sterling with a drove of sheep.

Postmaster Evans and wife spent Saturday and Sunday last at Campton. They were visiting the family of Gov. Evans, John's papa.

We had two letters from the Cox Mill neighborhood this week, and regret that we had to leave out "Pap's" letter for want of space.

Levi Gilly, the old man spoken of in our last issue as being in a dying condition, died on last Monday night and was buried Tuesday.

We reproduce in another place in this paper, at the request of some of our subscribers, "The Dying Californian," a poem admired by all who have read it.

Capt. Eder's, the urbane traveling man of Carter Bros. & Co., Louisville, was in town Friday and sold several good hills. He left for West Liberty and Ezel on Saturday.

A new post-office has been established in Magoffin county this side of Salersville, which will be called Hendricks. Harris Arnett is the postmaster, and H. G. Arnett's store is the location.

Master Thos. Clay Easterling, of this office, leaves today for a week's visit to relatives and friends at White Oak. The citizens of that section should see him while there and subscribe to THE HERALD.

Henry L. Gadsby, formerly of this place, who has been attending Centre College was awarded two prizes at the end of the session just closed, and we know his friends all join us in making the statement that we are proud of him.

The citizens of Campton are trying to raise a fund of \$100 to cut down the McNaught hill and make a good road from Campton to Clay City. All the public-spirited citizens of the county should assist in the enterprise.

The following are the registers at the jail house:
A. A. Combs, Breathitt county.
A. D. Crouch, Bath county.
Thos. M. Jones, Mt. Sterling.
Mr. Bruce Smith, Salersville.
Mrs. Adair Day.
Thos. C. Easterling, HERALD office.
C. W. Howe, Mt. Sterling.
J. T. Gevedon, Bonny.

The hack is now making regular trips to Rothwell Station from this place, and that the proprietors may be enabled to render good service, the public is invited to patronize this line. The fare to Rothwell is only \$2, and you are not annoyed with a horse to look after at the end of your ride. Overseers along the road should put it in good condition and enable the hack to travel it, and for other traffic.

The following are the registers at the Pleasant House:
A. A. Lacy, White Oak.
Thomas Prater, Salersville.
S. H. Edwards, Mt. Sterling.
Wm. Clark, Cox's Mill.
E. B. Fitch, Lexington.
M. J. Wilson, Lee City.
A. Fitts, Cherokee.
Mary O'Leary, White Oak.
J. O. Stair, Kankakee, Ill.
B. E. Roberts, Louisville.
W. H. Thompson, East Kentucky.
D. W. Rouse.
John R. Jones, Eaton Rapids, Mich.
J. A. Vance, Bristol, Tenn.
Spencer Cooper, Herald office.
David Munn, Hazel Green.

BREATHITT COUNTY.

JACKSON, June 9.—The Sunday School Institute met Wednesday, 8th inst. Rev. Mr. Politt, having been detained at other points did not arrive on the day appointed, hence the programme for the second day only was carried out. Bro. Politt is a fine speaker and good worker in the Sunday school. He has visited Harlan, Leslie, Letcher, Perry, Owsley, Lee, Knott and Breathitt, this being the last county in his district. He organized conventions in all of the above counties. Rev. T. S. Hubert read a paper before the Institute on Sunday School Festivals, which was a beautiful illustration of the festival work. The Institute requested him to furnish the secretary a copy of the paper for publication in THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD, Breathyitt Enterprise and Central Methodist. John Sheffield of Booneville is in town.

Harlan P. Wilson and Miss Lane Talbot of Red River are visiting Dr. J. A. Taulbee, and will take in the entertainment.

Mr. Baseline of Mt. Sterling is preparing to burn the brick for Dr. C. J. Little's mansion, which is intended to be a handsome affair. Mr. Little is a judge of good work and a man of taste, and Mr. Baseline seems to understand his business, hence we anticipate the finest house ever built in the county.

Stephen Hogg of Booneville was in town a few days the present week.

Alex. Patrick, infant son of George and Sarah Patrick, died this morning of infantile convulsions. The parents have the sympathy of the entire community. The burial services were conducted by Rev. J. A. Vance of the Presbyterian Church.

H. A. Rancey and Sam J. Salzer of Mt. Sterling were in town the other night, returning from the upper counties, whither they had been on business.

H. C. West of Milwaukee, Wis., was in town and the county a few days last week, looking after his real estate interest.

Dr. Park of our town last week accidentally shot himself in the knee. He is improving, and we hope he will soon be able to resume his practice.

Exposure to rough weather, getting wet, living in damp localities are favorable to the contraction of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. As a preventive, and for the cure of all kidney and liver trouble, use that valuable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

LETCHER COUNTY.

WHITESBURG, June 6.—Our circuit court has been in session since May 16. We have having one of the most quiet courts ever held here. No disturbance, no disorder, no drunkenness. Our grand jury is doing good work. About 140 indictments have been returned to date, and the number will probably reach 200. The offenses are mainly liquor, concealed weapons, bribery, &c. The Common wealth's docket has been very large, and consequently but few civil suits have been tried. Judge Lilly is proving to be quite a terror to law-breakers. Eight convicts are now awaiting transportation to Frankfort. Sam'l and Elijah Wright, sentenced for twenty-one years each at the last term of this court, for killing Uncle Bill Wright, and granted a new trial, have again been convicted. This time they each go for five years. Wm. Wright, an abettor in the crime, has also been convicted and sentenced for five years.

Stephen Isom, charged with murder, was acquitted.

James Quillen, for hog-stealing, got one year in the penitentiary.

Randolph Tolley, grand larceny, one year. His has been quite a notorious career, filled with hundreds of offenses, many of them felonious. But he has been run in at last, and will now have a chance to learn a trade whereby he can earn an honest living for the rest of his life. His hair is growing white with "the frosts of many winters," and it is quite humiliating to see one growing old to be dragged to a felon's cell, when his old age should have been crowned with virtue and honor.

James Bates gets one year for robbing a store.

Martha Holscomb gets one year for aiding prisoners to escape jail.

George M. Venter gets one year for kidnapping. More anon.

USEFUL REMEDY.

Thousands of people suffer with back ache, not knowing that in most cases, it is a symptom of diseased kidneys and liver, which poisons and tortures cannot breed. The best and safest remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

Member State Board of Equalization for 10th District of Kentucky.

CORNWELL, KY., MAY 26, 1887.

TO THE CITIZENS AND TAX-PAYERS OF THE 10TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Your member desires to call your attention to some errors in assessing the property in this district, and more especially the lands. It is a custom in the mountain counties to list their lands at a fair cash value for the boundary a man claims. But in so doing they over-estimate the acres. The actual settlers always list their lands well, and the non-residents or land speculators are trying to get their lands in at about one-fourth of its value, and by this means the general average is reduced below a fair cash value on the whole county. I wish to call the attention of the county officials to this, and let the County Judge appoint men as supervisors of the Assessor's Books that will bring all the non-residents' lands up to a standard equal to the actual settlers, and when this is done all the mountain counties in this district will get a deduction on their lands. I know it is a custom in the mountain counties to guess at the boundaries of land. There is not one man in fifty that knows the number of acres of land in his boundary. It is bought and sold without measuring it. They say so many acres, more or less. And it is always over-estimated. A man will list 500 acres at \$2.00 per acre, as he supposes, which is \$1,000. Now make a survey of the land, and we have about 400 acres; many times even less. Now divide \$1,000 by 400 acres, and we have land worth \$2.50 per acre. I find that there are counties in this district listing as much as 200,000 acres more land than there is in the county. I find an increase this year in eleven counties over last year of 734,658 acres. Now, count this at \$2.00 per acre and we have the sum of \$1,449,316 worth of land, which the people have furnished themselves with which they should not have done. I would respectfully ask the people to look well to their own interests, and in the future to not over-estimate their lands in acres, for, according to the workings of the Board, each county has to pay a fixed price per acre for all the land listed in the county; and when you over-estimate the acres you cut the average down and tax yourselves unjustly. It is enough to satisfy any man, if he will examine the report of the Board and see how the mountain counties list their live stock. This ought to convince them that they list their land at a fair cash value. If you will please examine the Assessor's books of the bluegrass counties, and then compare them with the mountain counties, you will readily see that a man with a tract of land of 100 to 200 acres, two horses, one yoke of work cattle, two cows, ten hogs and fifteen sheep will list his property at what he will take for it in cash. Now, take a man with 500 acres of bluegrass land, and it will be sold. He will list his property at about half he will sell it for. I hope to be able to see the most of the County Assessors before they begin their work this fall in this district, and have a talk with them about their duties to the people and to themselves. I said publicly in the halls at Frankfort, to the members of the Board, that there was not one man in fifty that could tell the number of acres he has in his boundary, and I further said they did not know that the assessors had anything to do with the list, but they always list it at what it is worth without regard to acres. In conclusion, do not over-estimate the acres of land when you don't know the number of acres. Get down, so you get a true list of acres as well as a true value of the boundary.

I am, very respectfully yours,

ALFRED COMBS.

KNOTT COUNTY.

HINDMAN, June 1.—Having made an arrangement to act as correspondent and agent to your paper from this locality, I thought I would make the attempt, hoping you will bear with me in my awkwardness.

There is quite a boom in this section in lands, mineral and timber. The vast amount of coal, mineral and timber in our county is attracting the attention of Eastern capitalists, and I think in time will rank here among the wealthiest counties in the State. There are several real estate agents in our county buying coal, mineral and timber lands for New York capitalists. Several of our citizens have mineral fever, among them J. M. Bailey, N. G. Bailey, T. C. Higgins, R. S. May and Leslie Johnson.

We have a nice little village and more pretty girls than you can shake a stick at. A Sunday school recently organized in the town has quite a good attendance. The Knott County Sunday School Union has been organized with H. F. Johnson president, Geo. Clark vice-president, F. Allen secretary, and P. M. Duke and J. C. Johnson executive committee. There will be a County Sunday school convention held at Hindman on the 4th Saturday in this month.

The people here are busily making preparations for circuit court, which convenes on the 6th inst. Several parties having business in the court feel a sickening sensation at the thought of its near approach. They know their election is sure.

Ex-County Judge of Knott, D. W. Calhoun, died on the 29th of May, at his residence one mile from Hindman court house. He leaves a wife and many friends to mourn their loss.

HICKORY.

When nature fails and requires help, recruit her enfeebled energies with Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

MORGAN COUNTY.

EZEL, June 10th.—Died—On the 9th at this place, wife of A. H. Burges. She had been in poor health for several years. Miles Oakley from the West is visiting relatives and friends in this section.

Charlie and Frank Sample, who have been at Knoxville, Tenn., a short time, returned home this week to see their father, who has been sick for sometime but is now improving. They will return to Knoxville soon.

John A. Henry is here taking pictures. John Fields, near this place, lost a good mule yesterday by getting its leg broke.

Mr. Mailey James of Wolfe county is visiting friends at this place.

Mr. Frank Sample from New Mexico is visiting relatives at this place.

Hon. R. M. Pieratt and wife and Q. C. Daniel and wife are visiting relatives and friends in Owsley county.

Mrs. Mary F. Nickell and Mrs. Adda Arnsperger are visiting in Harrison county.

J. M. Pieratt has commenced the erection of the largest barn in this county.

Stephen Sample and wife of this place, who have been members of the Methodist church from infancy, will be baptised by Rev. D. G. Combs to-day.

Wm. Henry, while working on a house yesterday, fell and broke his arm.

Sick headache, wind on the stomach, biliousness, nausea, are promptly and agreeably relieved by Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills. 25¢ a box. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

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W. W. THOMSON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS, JAMES CROHN, ANDREW FEELER, DR. R. B. DEAKE, J. T. HIGHLAND, 183417

NOTICE.

All persons wanting blacksmithing of iron or all kinds, wagons made or repaired, harness, spring wagons, plows, stacked cutting tools, harness and harness, plows made and laid, harness, and horses shod in the best style, call on TYLER & DAVIS, Hazel Green, Ky.

To be made, Cut this out and return to me, and we will send you a free, something of great value and importance to you, that will tell you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Answer me on the work and live at home. Either sex, all ages. Send me your name, and I will send you the thing new, that just costs money for all workers. We will start you with capital and grand chance of a lifetime. These who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TAYLOR & CO., Augusta, Maine.

YOU can live at home and make more money at work for us, than we will anything else in the world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sex at all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings start from first start. Outfit outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Send me nothing to send you a free, something of great value and importance to you, that will tell you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Answer me on the work and live at home. Either sex, all ages. Send me your name, and I will send you the thing new, that just costs money for all workers. We will start you with capital and grand chance of a lifetime. These who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TAYLOR & CO., Augusta, Maine.

EZEL

IN THE PLACE TO BUY Watches, Clocks & Jewelry Repairing a Specialty. Charges reasonable and work warranted. Respectfully, T. P. CARR.

J. T. GEVEDON, THE JEWELER.

BEST GOODS FOR LEAST MONEY. I am now located near BONNY, KY., and am prepared to repair WATCHES, JEWELRY, SEWING MACHINES, CLOCKS, &c. Change reasonable, and work warranted. I handle the Best Rolled Plate Jewelry, such as Bracelets, Laces, Pins, Scarf Pins, &c. If you want a ring, I will give you one for money. In fact if you want a silver or gold watch or clock, or anything in my line, you surely will save money by purchasing of me. I shall keep on hand fine Bibles, Photograph Albums, School Books, &c. I also keep for sale, Dr. B. Smith's Liniment and Beautifying and Healing Soap. Just try this soap if you want your skin to look pretty. I also keep the best sewing machine oil and needles, will attend the Hazel Green Stock Sales and the West Liberty County fairs.

Any one trading with me to amount of \$10 at one time will receive THE HERALD one year as a reward.

J. T. GEVEDON, Jeweler, Bonny, Ky

DO NOT STEAL.

But buy Kelly's STEEL. It is the most perfect and safe. Also buy STEEL horse shoes. They will wear out. And use STEEL nails. They cost the same as iron.

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Agents for Eastern Kentucky.

S. V. McWilliams & Co.,

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Livery, Sale and Feed Stable,

MT. STERLING, KY.

Drovers' and Traders' Headquarters.

The attention of horse and mule dealers is especially invited to our facilities for the handling of stock, and we invite all traders of Wolfe and adjoining counties to call on us when in the city.

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